

[Take Me Home Tonight by prettyboymporter](#)

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Summary:

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“Billy Hargrove,” Steve said. He held out his hand.

Billy smiled up at Steve, his eyes full of mischief, just like they were when he was 17 -- except this time there was less vitriol there and more amusement. “Pretty boy.”

Sandy smiled. “You two know each other?”

“We went to high school together,” Billy said.

“He kicked my ass,” Steve said as he took the seat next to Billy.

Sandy sat next to Steve. “This is a story I’ve got to hear.”

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

for harrington week of love prompts: teacher AU ||
school dance || intercrural

“Night, Mr. H! And thanks again man, you saved my ass! Woulda been grounded for two weeks!” Sam Miller called as he jogged toward the gym door while Steve locked the basketballs up in the gym’s storage closet.

“Yeah, yeah,” Steve said flatly. “Just don’t be late again tomorrow or I’ll have to call your mom -- that’s eight tardies now--”

But Steve was already talking to the back of Miller’s retreating red flannel shirt.

Steve shook his head. Kids these days seemed to love looking like they’d just wandered in from splitting logs with their flannels and black boots and messy hair.

Maybe I’m just getting old, Steve thought. When he was in school, kids spent countless minutes grooming every last hair to hold the style just right. He even ironed his khakis to ensure there was not one crease visible. Now the style seemed to be flat, unwashed hair and holey Alice in Chains shirts plucked from the bedroom floor.

Sandy Thrace, the American History teacher, popped in the gym door from the hallway. “Harrington! Staff meeting! Did you forget?” She placed her hands on her hips and waited for him.

Steve rolled his tight shoulders. Actually -- he *had* forgotten. It’d been a long day. He hadn’t slept well last night. The nightmares had grown far and far fewer over the years, but last night he dreamt of the rotten, wet forest where his shoes sank in the soggy floor surrounded by the smell of decaying leaves with a gurgling click coming from behind his head. He’d woken up screaming and sat at the kitchen table until the sun kissed the horizon and his alarm started beeping.

Coffee was his only saving grace today.

“Ah shit! Totally slipped my mind. Miller was serving a tardy detention for me.” He threw his lanyard back around his neck, keys slapping lightly against his chest. “Ready now.”

He joined her as they made their way to the library. Lockers slammed and students chatted as they exited the building, many of them saying, *seeya tomorrow Mr. H!* as they walked in groups. A tinny announcement reminded them there were no after school activities today because of the staff meeting.

Steve returned their goodbyes as Sandy started to complain about how a student she’d sent to the office earlier for swearing only got lunch cleanup duty for a week when clearly she felt he needed to be suspended because this wasn’t his first offence.

Steve nodded and wiped a hand across his tired eyes. The kid didn’t need to be suspended. Steve knew that the kid came from a world of chaos at home, but he didn’t have the energy to get into it with Sandy right now. Mute agreement was the best course of action.

Sandy sighed. “Maybe next time he’ll be suspended like they should’ve been today.” Her sour mood shifted as she perked up. “Oh! There’s a new staff member! He’s supposed to be in our meeting today.”

Steve came out of his exhausted trance. “Yeah? They finally found someone to take over Harding’s class?”

Sandy got one of those devilish smirks on her face and bit her lip. “Yep. He’s a looker, too. Blond hair and blue eyes, looks kinda like Rob Lowe. Culverson said he’s smart as a whip, too. Guess he spent two hours in Culverson’s office shooting the shit.”

Steve knew that Principal Culverson loved to talk. Their hours-long staff meetings were proof of that. “Ah, yeah right. And Culverson used to teach English too, right? God, poor guy was probably bored to tears by the time he was done with that interview. Surprised he took the job.”

Sandy shrugged her shoulders. "Teaching jobs are scarce, especially here in western Michigan. Everyone wants to teach by the lake. Live here, work here, vacation here too."

Steve nodded. "Well -- I'm glad we got someone. I'm sick of subbing on my prep hour."

Sandy laughed. "Hey, me too. At least you don't have papers to grade."

Steve wanted to respond that at least she didn't have to try and make lazy teenagers in Nirvana shirts suddenly become interested in physical education, but he bit his tongue and pulled open the door of the library for her.

They stepped inside.

Billy Hargrove sat at the rectangle of tables in the center of the room, chatting amiably with the Earth Science teacher.

The seats on Billy's other side were empty.

"I met him in the office. Let me introduce you," Sandy said as she touched Steve's forearm and walked him over to Billy. "Steve Harrington, this is--"

Billy looked up at Steve, and his eyes, still blue and beautiful as Steve remembered, nearly left him breathless. His hair was shorter, falling just to below his ears, honey blond curls that begged for Steve's fingers. He wore a black suit with a red tie and looked like a Valentine's day treat.

"Billy Hargrove," Steve said. He held out his hand.

Billy smiled up at Steve, his eyes full of mischief, just like they were when he was 17 -- except this time there was less vitriol there and more amusement. "Pretty boy."

Sandy smiled. "You two know each other?"

"We went to high school together," Billy said.

“He kicked my ass,” Steve said as he took the seat next to Billy.

Sandy sat next to Steve. “This is a story I’ve got to hear.”

A whistle from the front of the room interrupted them. “Everyone! Can I have your attention please? We have many items to get through on the agenda today, so we need to start now if we’re gonna make it home in time for the Red Wings game,” said Culverson. He was a tall, skinny guy in his mid-forties with a bristly mustache who loved the sound of his own voice.

Sandy rolled her eyes out of Culverson’s view.

“Later,” Steve whispered to her.

Billy winked at her and knocked his knee against Steve’s under the table. The sensation traveled directly up his thigh, and he wiped his hand across his mouth, hoping to hide the grin forming there.

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January 15th at 6:48pm in western Michigan was no goddamn joke. The winter winds were bone-chilling, made colder by the lake, and they cut right through Steve’s gloves. The high school’s parking lot, therefore, was not exactly the best place to have a catch-up.

But Billy stood by Steve’s car anyway. Steve felt too stubborn and engrossed to even think about his frozen fingers. Plus, Billy’s nose was bright red, as were the tips of his ears, and he started bouncing on his toes as they talked. He looked a bit like Rudolph and Steve found himself utterly charmed.

“So you didn’t move back to California because of -- Lake Michigan?” Steve said as he blew hot air across his hands.

“It’s fucking huge. I mean it kind of reminds me of the ocean. Summer nights at the lake? Fucking magical. Spent a few nights camping out there with Max and Lucas and the Sinclairs not long after they released me from the hospital back in 85, just to get the fuck outta dodge. It was relaxing and peaceful. And that was all it took. I was hooked. There’s no turning back.”

“But you hate winter,” Steve said, remembering how loudly and how often Billy would bitch down the halls of Hawkins High about how this town was made of nothing but cowshit and polar bear piss.

“Yeah. Well. When you’re a teacher, snow days are pretty great,” Billy said. He leaned against the trunk of Steve’s car.

“They are,” Steve agreed, and leaned back against the trunk as well. He was close to Billy’s side.

Billy bumped his shoulder into Steve’s. “Gettin cold out here, pretty boy.”

“Yeah. I think my balls froze off about fifteen minutes ago.”

Billy huffed a laugh. “Can’t have that now.” He dug into his bag and pulled out a pad of paper and a pen. Quickly he scribbled something down, then tore off the paper. “Call me later. Let’s keep talking.”

Steve stared down at the paper for a moment before snapping to. “Right! Yeah. I’ll uh, here, hold on.” He pulled out a pen from his coat pocket and jotted his number on the bottom half, ripped it off, and handed it to Billy.

“Right on,” Billy said as he made his way to his car. “I’ll call you later.”

“Alright,” Steve said. “Later!”

Billy waved goodbye and hopped into his Camaro -- fully restored after Starcourt and maintained over the years, Billy had explained earlier.

Steve remembered every phone number exchange he’d had over the years. Phone numbers written on the back of a flyer, on the back of his hand, and one memorable time, on his chest -- not that he’d been able to read it with his chest hair in the way, smeared after sex and backwards in the mirror.

But something about this phone number exchange -- something the careful cursive of Billy Hargrove on the paper in his hand -- made Steve smile. Excitement bubbled up in his chest, light and airy, at the

thought of Billy's voice on the phone.

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After *Frasier*, Steve's phone finally rang. He waited until a respectable third ring to lift the phone from the cradle with a casual, "Hello?"

"This too late, Harrington?" Billy's voice sounded a little raspy and entirely too sexy in his ear.

"Nah. Just put my leftovers in the fridge."

"Yeah? What was for dinner?"

"Chili and cornbread."

"Mm. Next time invite a guy over, would ya? Sounds fuckin fantastic in this cold weather."

Steve huffed a laugh. "Sure thing. Wanna come over tomorrow?"

"There enough for both of us?"

Steve twisted the cord around his finger a few times. "Wouldn't have invited you if there wasn't."

"Then I'll bring the beer."

They small talked for a while about Billy's first day, the school, staff members, and Culverson, until Billy said, "So, tell me something. Last I saw you, you were working at a video store in Hawkins with no plans on going to college. Then I don't see you around for a while. I don't hear anything about you. A month passes, then two, so I asked Max, and she told me you got into Michigan State and just decided to go. Just like that."

"Yep. It was pretty fast. I was admitted for winter term and was gone within a couple weeks."

"Why? What lit your fire?"

Steve took a deep breath. "I kinda figured out that I was good with

kids. One day I was talking to Robin and she pointed out that I'd become like a mentor to Dustin -- like an actual, *good* mentor, and had stopped giving him shitty advice about girls and started giving him actual useful advice, and that somehow I was a good presence in the kids' lives and that maybe I should think about doing that as a job.”

“Ah, so Buckley steered you in that direction.”

Steve laid back on the couch. “Yeah. I mean my dad kept pushing me to go get a business degree and to be honest I couldn't give two shits about the business world. So when Robin pointed out about how I am with the kids, I thought maybe I could try being a teacher. It took awhile for me to get to this point because I'm not smart and have never thought about myself as someone who could even pass a college class, let alone teach, but. But when I floated the idea to Robin, she was all about it. She helped me fill out the application and even gave me solid feedback on my admissions essay.”

“Huh. That's -- that's really fucking great, Harrington. I mean you came a long way from failing Click's class twice.”

“I only passed because I always eavesdropped on you talking to Shauna Jenkins in study hall every day about the books we were reading.”

“Seriously? You learned from listening to me and not to Click?”

“Yeah. I mean you were really fucking loud so. It was kinda hard not to listen.”

Billy barked a laugh. “Yeah. Well, I was trying to prove a lot back then, I guess.”

A comfortable silence fell between them, and Steve found himself smiling widely.

Billy cleared his throat. “Ah, so, when I come over tomorrow, do I need to bring enough beer for your lady? Or roommate, or something?”

“Oh! No. It's just me here. Still tragically single after all these years.”

“Huh. Me too. Go figure. Hot shit like us not snapped up after all these years?”

Steve walked to the kitchen and grabbed a pop from the fridge. “Dunno, man. People just don’t have taste any more, I guess.”

Billy laughed, and Steve felt like he could listen to that sound forever. “Fine. Beer enough for me and you. Good catching up, Harrington. See you at school tomorrow, amigo.”

“Yeah. See you tomorrow.” Gently he set the phone down and started at it, grinning stupidly to himself for a solid twenty second before he went to set up his new programmable coffee maker to brew for the morning.

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The week flew by. The next night, they had dinner, beer, and watched a hockey game, then it felt like Steve blinked and seven days had already passed.

Billy fit in seamlessly at New Buffalo High School. The kids all had nothing but fantastic things to say about him when Steve overheard them talking about him and asked what they thought -- except for the one kid who Billy caught drawing a textbook and decided to make him write 500 words about why metal is better than grunge. That kid wasn’t really Mr. Hargrove’s #1 fan.

Steve and Billy stood together in the halls during passing time, shooting the shit and catching up as much as they could in five minutes, each taking turns teasing the kids in the hall who passed by.

Soon the kids all just assumed that Mr. Hargrove and Mr. Harrington were best friends, and all of them knew that they knew each other from back in high school.

“Is it true that he kicked your ass, coach?” one of the basketball players asked Steve as Steve made the team run drills. “Mr. Hargrove seems like a real badass.”

“No. Not one word of it. And just for that you can do another lap,” Steve said with a smile.

Suddenly Billy appeared in the gym door as if summoned. “Don’t take one extra step, Brown, I 100% kicked Harrington’s ass and would do it again!” he shouted from across the room.

“Yeah?” Steve placed his hands on his hips, suddenly feeling alight with the possibility of a challenge. “Come on Hargrove. One on one. Lose that tie and we’ll see who’s ass gets kicked.”

Billy smiled and stared Steve down as he pulled off his tie, threw it to the side of the court, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A chorus of “Oooo!”s all erupted from the players.

Billy looked like he was ready to eat Steve for dinner as he crouched in front of him at half court, assuming a defensive position. Steve felt *exactly* the same -- like a jolt of electricity was running from his fingertips through his toes, eating up that challenge that was glinting in Billy’s eyes as he watch Steve, arms out, feet positioned as he waited for Steve to make a move.

Steve steered around Billy’s hip and drove to the net, easily sinking it for two. The boys all cheered. Billy turned and crossed his arms. Steve collected his rebound and jammed the ball to his chest. “Watch that high foot, Hargrove. Your opponent will attack it every time.”

Billy grinned wolfishly. “That so, pretty boy?” he said quietly.

“Yeah, that’s so,” Steve said back. “When you gonna start kicking my ass again, Hargrove?”

Billy spun around Steve’s left hip and went for a jump shot. The ball rolled around the rim and dropped in. “Right about now,” he said. A student collected the ball and threw it to Steve.

“Nice shot, Mr. Hargrove!” the kid said.

“Thanks, Price. You get an A on that essay.”

“Sweet!” the kid yelled.

“Damn, you’re handing out As now? What do I get if I win? Steve asked as he took offensive position.

“What do you want?” Billy said as he stood in front of Steve.

Steve shrugged. “Think you can handle chaperoning prom?” Steve said, then drove tight past Billy, attacking straight against Billy’s hip and adding a little elbow to Billy’s back for good measure as he took his shot and nailed it.

“You asking me to prom, Harrington?” Billy laughed as he took his shot and missed.

“Yeah. I’m the senior sponsor and we need another chaperone,” Steve said. He lined up and faked middle before cutting to the right and sinking his shot.

Billy watched. “Fine. You win this round, Harrington. I’ll chaperone. Next time though, when I win? I want a steak dinner.”

“Uh huh. Steak dinner it is.” Steve stepped up close to Billy’s face and clasped his hand, just like Billy had done to Steve ten years ago. “Until then though, watch your high foot, Hargrove,” Steve jammed Billy’s shoulder with his own with a smile.

Billy returned that smile, lit up bright like the summer sun. His smile could light up the entire west coast of Michigan, Steve thought, and realized he was truly in trouble.

~*~

The weeks blew by in such a flurry of activity that Steve barely had time to offer Billy another chili and beer night -- there were no more quiet, leisurely nights like that first one when Billy had first arrived in New Buffalo. There were grades to submit, conferences to be held, and endless amounts of work and planning to do for the seniors of 1994.

Steve hadn’t realized exactly how much effort would go into being a senior class sponsor when he first volunteered. Other staff members pitched in where they could, and Steve was left with giving tough love talks to seniors who were in danger of failing now that senioritis had set in, helping to pick out the venue for prom as well as shopping for decorations, conducting class of 94 meetings, calling parents,

doing several fundraisers to make sure they had to the money to have everything they wanted and needed to make their last few months of high school the most memorable.

Billy Hargrove helped every step of the way, much to Steve's delight.

Although there wasn't much down time, Billy was there. They made quick phone calls to each other every night to check in on something. Sometimes they talked about something at school that needed to get done and sometimes it was a check-in -- just to see how the other was doing.

Billy and Steve were inseparable in the building. Students and staff alike had begun calling them "the Mr. H's", as if they were one unit. Billy ran with the scoreboard at the basketball games when Steve coached. If Steve had a meeting with parents of seniors, Billy was there organizing volunteers. He had insinuated himself in Steve's life in the best possible way. Steve wouldn't have been able to accomplish half of the shit that he did without Billy.

Not to mention that he'd also insinuated Steve's fantasies -- with the lights off and a lubed up hand on his cock, he imagined what it would be like to kiss Billy in the storage closet in the gym, to give him a quick handjob in the parking lot, to lock his office door late one night and fuck Billy on Steve's desk. Steve licked his own cum off his fingers and wished that it was Billy's.

When the day of prom finally rolled around, they worked side by side to get the hall decorated and ready with the other volunteers who made the room look beautiful all decked out in black and silver. It was a restaurant with a dance floor and veranda that overlooked Lake Michigan in a truly breathtaking view with lights that would charm anyone.

They each went home to get ready, and Steve was just putting the final touches on his hair when there was a knock at his apartment door.

Steve opened it and there stood Billy wearing a purple rose boutonniere on his lapel. He held a matching one in his hand.

“I got this for you,” He mumbled. “Fuck. Is this too much? This is too much, isn’t it. I’ll just -- do you have a garbage?” Billy was talking too fast and had turned eight shades of pink.

“Wait wait wait, hold on, is that for me?” Steve asked, pointing to the flower in Billy’s hand. “Did you get me a boutonniere, Billy?” A smile crept over Steve’s lips.

That seemed to set Billy at ease a little bit -- at least he actively stopped trying to push past Steve to get to a garbage can. “Ah. Yeah, I did. It’s kinda stupid but I thought you might want one, too.”

“I do!” Steve said, maybe a little bit too enthusiastically. He reigned it in a little bit. “I mean, yeah, it’s cool. Come in,” he offered.

Billy stepped inside and closed the door behind him. “I thought you’d want one in case you didn’t have one already because, yknow, we’re dudes. We’re simple creatures and don’t usually think about details like boutonnieres and-”

“Billy.”

“Yeah?”

Steve stepped forward into Billy’ space. “Pin it on me.”

Billy swallowed hard and looked down at Steve’s chest. “Okay, sure.” His attempt at a mocking tone failed -- he was all too eager to reach for Steve’s chest. He lifted fumbling fingers up to Steve’s lapel as he removed the pin and started to lace it through Steve’s tuxedo jacket.

“Purple, huh?” Steve asked quietly. His breath made the curls along Billy’s temples flutter, and Steve pretended that the way Billy’s eyelids lowered was just for him. His eyelashes were so long and pretty.

“Yeah,” Billy said. He finished pinning the flower and straightened it up. “For royalty. Two kings.”

“Hm,” Steve said -- he reached and couldn’t find any words, but he also didn’t want Billy to leave his personal space. More than anything he wanted to reach forward and touch Billy’s jaw, to taste Billy’s pink

lips and watch Billy's eyes slip closed. "How does it look?"

Billy's eyes roamed all over Steve's body, taking in his entire appearance. "Like a million bucks, pretty boy."

Steve leaned forward and inch. "Not too shabby yourself, Bills."

They were just a hair away from kissing -- their lips were so close and every particle of air between them felt charged. If only Steve could muster it up just to close those last few inches -- but instead, he panicked and pulled back.

Billy looked visibly crestfallen. Steve's heart shattered -- he'd fucked up, and he'd fucked up *bad*. "Guess we should get going," Steve said. His voice sounded meek. He hoped he could recover from this. "Don't want to be late. Kids are probably already getting high in the bathrooms."

"That's exactly what I was doing at our prom," Billy said. He laughed, but the smile didn't quite reach his eyes.

"I know. I was getting high in the next stall," Steve said. He cursed himself as they walked out the door, the electric energy between them now shifted into something tense and weird. He rolled his eyes at himself as he locked his apartment door.

~*~

The awkwardness of the silent car ride took a back seat as soon as they walked into the venue. Immediately they fell into their roles and began greeting kids, giving out hugs and handshakes to the seniors who arrived wearing dresses and tuxes. The kids cleaned up wonderfully.

The mood was light, and it was the kids' night to shine. Steve shoved aside intrusive thoughts about his fuckup with Billy as he still had duties to attend to -- checking people at the front door, talking to the DJ, chatting with other staff members, taking pictures of kids, posing for pictures with kids, observing just to make sure no one was sneaking off to dark corners, and eventually, crowning the prom king and queen.

Steve reflected on how wonderful it was to be on this side of it -- to be a part of the students' special night, bear witness to it, and help them celebrate their last glorious hurrah. They danced, they had fun, they took pictures with the disposable cameras that Steve had left at each place setting and shouted and left in exalted groups, at the height of their happiness.

Steve felt special to even be present for it.

Through groups of students throughout the night, he caught sight of Billy. Billy still flashed a smile at Steve whenever they caught each other's gaze, and the weirdness seemed to dissolve as the hours ticked by. Eventually, as the night started to wind down and sparse amounts of couples remained, they snuck off to the veranda and leaned against the railing, watching as the soft white lights shined out on the expanse of Lake Michigan below. Steve felt exhausted but content. Effulgent joy radiated from inside at the close of a truly wonderful evening.

Billy lit up a cigarette. "Gonna snitch on me, Mr. H?"

Steve plucked the cigarette from Billy's fingers and took a drag. "Why would I snitch on my date? He got me this beautiful matching boutonniere and everything."

Billy turned to face Steve and took the cigarette back. "You did a fantastic job tonight, Harrington. Seriously."

There was something about how Billy looked in the night sky under the moonlight, with the soft lights from the venue reflecting from the lake back onto him -- something that made Steve delirious with want. "Couldn't have done it without you."

Billy looked at Steve with lights gleaming in the blue of his eyes.

Steve glanced around, and there was no one remotely close to them. "You look fucking gorgeous, Billy."

"Steve," Billy whispered.

Steve leaned in and kissed Billy.

It was soft and quick, and Billy inhaled sharply, followed by a short little hum. His lips were just as soft as Steve imagined they would be. Steve didn't linger, though -- they were still in public and still at a work event. Billy touched Steve's hand, which was hidden from everyone's view by the railing.

Steve laced their fingers together. "I can't believe you're back in my life."

"I'll always find my way back to you, pretty boy."

Steve wanted every inch of Billy -- his heart felt full to bursting with the want of it. In his mind he was still kissing Billy, still memorizing the feel of Billy's lips beneath his own and it was just a crying shame that they still weren't kissing.

Billy seemed to read his thoughts. "We about done here? Because, I kinda want to get outta here. With you." He slid his index finger slowly between Steve's fingers, back and forth, and somehow that was the dirtiest fucking thing Steve had ever experienced.

His brain cells short circuited briefly as his mind flashed forward on all of the shit he was about to do to Billy behind closed doors. "Yeah. I just need to take care of a few things, then let's head out."

"Hurry up, pretty boy," Billy said with a glint in his eye. "Don't keep me waiting."

Steve glanced around one more time and no one was in close enough range to see them. He looped his finger through Billy's belt and tugged him forward a step. "It'll be worth the wait, Hargrove. I promise you that."

Billy maintained eye contact, his gaze full of mischief as he stuck out his tongue and slid it lasciviously across his lower lip. "Show me."

"Jesus," Steve said as he watched the action, feeling a little out of breath. He stepped back. "Meet me by the car, okay?"

Billy nodded, and Steve turned to make his way back into the hall. He couldn't go without making sure to settle up with the DJ, let the parent volunteers know which items to trash and which to save, and

then hug three very special students who'd fought hard to get to this point and absolutely deserved the world handed to them on a platter.

Finally he made his way to the car, where Billy sat smoking against the trunk with his tux jacket flung over his shoulder and top few buttons unbuttoned on his dress shirt. "Take me home, Steve."

Billy laid his hand on Steve's thigh on the drive home, sliding it up a little more with each passing mile, and Steve hoped that Billy wouldn't notice how his cock was straining against the fabric of his tux.

They both bolted up the stairs to Steve's door, each seemingly more impatient than the other to get inside. Steve fumbled with his keys and dropped them, distracted by the way Billy leaned back against the wall next to the door.

Everything slowed to a grinding halt as Steve crouched down to pick up his keys and then stood slowly. He looked at Billy's entire body starting from the ankle of his tux, then up over his thigh where the fabric stretched enticingly and Steve had some *thoughts* about Billy's thighs and what he should do to them, and then up to his groin, where the hard line of Billy's dick made itself known.

Steve stood up fully and met Billy's eyes -- he looked up to Steve, letting him make the next move. Steve leaned down to barely touch his lips to Billy's. He could feel Billy's breath fanning over his own top lip and waited, letting Billy sweat it out a bit before he applied the scarcest of pressure.

Billy's mouth opened under Steve's, and Steve licked his tongue over Billy's top lip, then into Billy's mouth.

It felt so dirty to kiss open-mouthed, tongues sliding against each other. Steve pressed his hips hard to Billy's and immediately Billy started moving against him, the hard line of Billy's cock firm against Steve's as Steve started grinding Billy against the wall.

"Shit, Stevie," Billy said against Steve's mouth. "Let's. Let's." But he couldn't seem to finish whatever thought he'd had because Steve grabbed a handful of Billy's ass and was pulling him even harder

against Steve's dick.

Steve finally realized that maybe they should be doing this inside. He reluctantly released Billy's ass and jammed the keys into the door.

The trip to Steve's bedroom was *not* graceful. They stripped and kissed, both of them stumbling over the tuxedo pants around their ankles. They stopped repeatedly to jam each other against the hallway wall and touch whatever skin had just been laid bare, but eventually they got there, fully naked.

Steve's eyes roamed over Billy's defined body. He remembered that Billy had lost some of that muscle tone after Starcourt, but in the ten years since it appeared that Billy regained it, and his chest, sides, back, and hands were laden with ropey white scars. They took all different kinds of shapes -- some like starfish, some like sun rays, but the one at the center of his chest reminded Steve of a white View Master card -- circular and round surrounded by small dots of darker pink scarring around it.

Steve touched the scar and kissed Billy's lips, working his way down his neck and then crouched to kiss that scar -- to feel that raised skin against his lips and know that Billy survived that night at Starcourt. Against all odds, he came back from the dead and beat the creature who left him with this permanent reminder.

Billy carded his fingers through Steve's hair as Steve sank to his knees, kissing his way down Billy's stomach and pointedly ignoring the cock grazing his collarbone. "Steve," Billy said breathily. "*Please.*"

Steve could no longer resist and gave a lick up Billy's pink cock, hard and beautiful in the nest of dark blonde curls. He wasted no time and took Billy down as much as he could, bobbing his head and reveling in the sudden stretch of his jaw, the weight of Billy's cock on his tongue.

"Fuck, I've waited ten years for this, jesus christ," Billy babbled as Steve sucked. "Always wondered what you'd look like with my dick in your mouth and always wanted it but never thought it would happen."

Steve wanted to ask if Billy always talked this much, but he had his mouth full of Billy's dick so that wasn't going to happen -- instead he responded by sucking Billy down to the hilt and that managed to shut Billy up.

Steve pulled up a bit, sucking on the first couple inches and using his hand to stroke the base, and then Billy said, "Wait, Stevie, I'm close, I'm gonna—" and then started to come on Steve's tongue.

Steve swallowed it all down as Billy huffed through his orgasm, the fingers of one hand trailing through Steve's hair and the others tracing Steve's jaw.

"Christ, you're gonna kill me, pretty boy." Billy smiled down at Steve and pulled him up to his feet. He leaned in for a kiss -- Steve wasn't sure how Billy would feel about kissing after he'd just swallowed, but it seemed like Billy didn't mind at all. He kissed Steve soundly as Steve walked him back against the wall, leaning down to kiss Billy open-mouthed just like they did not long ago outside of the apartment.

Steve's dick slid incingly against Billy's abdomen and he started a slow grind, enjoying the feel of Billy's skin against his cock.

"God I want to fuck you," Steve said against Billy's lips.

Billy nodded. "Yeah. Yeah okay, Steve. You can--"

His dick slid down and Steve crouched a little, starting to thrust gently as he found himself pressed tightly to Billy's thigh. Steve pulled back a little and looked down. "No, not like -- I want to fuck you right here," he said, and slid his hands around the thick, solid flesh of Billy's thighs. He repositioned his cock so that it slid in the space between.

Billy smirked. "You wanna fuck my thighs?"

Steve pulled the lube from the nightstand drawer and squirted some over his fingers. "Haven't been able to stop thinking about it all night -- ever since I saw you in those tux pants and how they fucking stretch across your thighs." He touched his lubed up fingers to Billy's inner

thighs. “This okay?”

Billy squeezed his thighs tight around Steve’s fingers in response and nodded. “Fuck yeah baby.”

Steve smeared the lube around Billy’s thighs, over his cock, and positioned himself. Slowly he sank his cock between the tight entrance Billy had made.

The sensation of the pressure, the slick slide of the lube, and the coarse hair of Billy’s legs all felt overwhelming against the sensitive skin of Steve’s dick and he almost came after two slow thrusts, so he paused.

He cupped the back of Billy’s neck and went in for a kiss, pressing his lips to Billy’s slowly and sweetly. “This is your fault, you know.”

“Yeah?” Billy said between kisses. “How so?”

Steve rolled his hips again and picked up his thrusts. “Ever since you shouldered me to the gym floor ten years ago, and all I could see were your fucking gorgeous thighs. Stroked myself raw thinking about them, Bills.”

Billy moved down to kiss Steve’s jaw. “You coulda had ‘em back then, if you wanted, Stevie. Yours. I’ve always been yours.”

“*Billy*,” Steve whispered harshly. He could feel the pressure building behind his balls.

“I’ve always been yours,” Billy repeated. “Always will be.”

Steve crashed his lips to Billy’s as his orgasm flooded over him and he came all over Billy’s thighs -- and probably on the wall behind him as well.

“So good, baby. So good,” Billy said gently as Steve came back down to earth. He started to press little kisses to Steve’s jaw, then up his cheek, over the bridge of his nose.

Steve took his time washing Billy up that night -- running a warm washcloth over Billy’s thighs, taking a long, hot shower together

where this time Billy had a turn with Steve's thighs, the warm water washing away his come as they kissed and kissed, enough to make up for ten years of missed opportunities.

Billy stayed the night and ate the pancakes Steve cooked in the morning.

If anyone noticed that Mr Hargrove was wearing Mr. Harrington's clothes that day, which fit just a *little* differently, they didn't say anything to either one of them.

~*~

A few weeks passed and Billy spent more and more nights at Steve's apartment, until eventually, Steve tossed him a spare key and said, "time to start saving up boxes at school."

One morning at the end of the school year, before they got out of the Camaro, Steve was leaning over to give Billy a quick kiss, thinking that the teacher parking lot was empty -- but when he pulled back from Billy's lips, there was Sandy taking a few steps away from her car.

"Shit. She saw," Billy said, looking a bit panicked. "Are we -- is she gonna get us in trouble?"

"It's okay, Billy. We're not doing anything wrong. Okay?" Steve said, speaking gently as he saw how absolutely spooked Billy was.

He remembered that Billy's dad was a bit of a hardass -- Max had told stories about Neil smacking Billy around and calling him *faggot*.

He took Billy's hand. "We're not doing anything wrong," he said again. This time Billy nodded and smiled.

"Morning!" Sandy called as they exited the car. "Graduation tomorrow! I can't believe it's here already."

"Yeah, feels like this year flew by," Steve said.

"Sure did. And I can't say how wonderful it's been to have Billy on staff with us. He makes such a great addition to our team," she said.

Her smile was a bit too knowing.

“Yeah,” Steve said. “Yeah he really does.”

With the little grin Billy had on his face and the side glance he gave Steve, Steve knew they were being conspicuous. But he really couldn’t bring himself to care.

Sandy was quiet for a moment before she said, “I’m having an end of the year party at my place on Thursday with my partner Denise. Would you two like to come?”

A thrill ran up Steve’s spine.

“Course we would,” Billy said. He slipped his fingers through Steve’s.

Steve squeezed, and Billy squeezed back. “I’ll bring the booze.”

~*~

Steve sat down and threw his arm around Billy’s shoulders in front of the bonfire at Sandy’s and Denise’s and tugged him close. He felt warm and fuzzy from a long day playing volleyball at the lake in the sun, full from the cookout, loose from the booze.

“Gonna sponsor the class of 1995, I think,” Billy said as he settled against Steve’s side and slid his hand up over Steve’ thigh.

“I love you,” Steve blurted, as if that were some type of logical response to Billy’s statement.

Billy smiled. “I love you too, sugarlips.” He stole a long kiss from Steve’s lips. “So, you gonna help me with the seniors next year?”

“Yes. Of course I will. And I love you,” Steve laughed as he bent to kiss Billy’s neck.

“Cmere,” Billy said, and cupped Steve’s cheek. “Love you too, baby. I love you too.”

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy catches two kids fighting in his classroom after school.

Notes for the Chapter:

For sparkgoddess!

“So this happened while your classroom was empty -- while you were finishing up float construction in the auto shop?” Principal Culverson asked Billy. He sat across from Billy inside of Billy’s classroom. His tone remained impartial and his face relaxed, which was a godsend to Billy right now.

Billy was shaking still, down to his fingertips. The adrenaline of catching two kids fighting in his unsupervised classroom after school hours still pumped through him.

“Yeah. God, I didn’t even realize I’d left my door open. I walked in as Snyder landed a couple of punches on Wells. I shouted as loud as I could and they both jumped at my voice. Jumped apart like a couple of spooked rabbits.”

Culverson nodded. “And you put-”

“Wells in the room next door by himself and stayed here with Snyder when I called you.”

Culverson nodded. “You did the right thing.”

Billy didn’t want to hear it. “But I still left-”

Culverson held up his hand. “Listen to me, Hargrove.”

Billy fought back tears as humiliation threatened to bubble out of his tear ducts.

“You did exactly as you should have when you found two kids

fighting. I'm gonna need you to stop beating yourself up. Next time you'll know to shut your door. Kids are gonna fight and they'll find a place to make it happen. If it wasn't your room, they would've been fighting around the block."

Billy nodded and remembered the fight at the Byers -- regret pumped through his body.

"Hargrove," Culverson said gently. Billy turned his head. "You're not in trouble. Okay?"

Billy swallowed past the lump in his throat. "Okay."

At that moment, Steve appeared in the doorway -- he'd been the second person Billy called, right after Culverson.

Culverson stood and pushed the student chair back under the desk. "Write up a brief statement about what happened and leave it in my mailbox. Then let it be the end of it. Don't take it home with you. Got it?" He offered a small smile as he headed to the door.

"Yeah. Thank you, Mr. Culverson."

"Harrington," Mr. Culverson said in greeting to Steve as he walked out the door.

Steve smiled and nodded back at Culverson as he walked past and hesitated on the other side of Billy's desk.

"We're the only ones left," Billy said.

With those words, Steve slid around behind Billy's desk and crouched down, pulling Billy into his arms.

Billy laid his head on Steve's shoulder and let Steve pull him close. He closed his eyes and some of the tears he'd been holding back slid out. "Fuck," he said, his breath shaky.

"S'okay baby," Steve said. His breath was warm against Billy's temple. "You did the right thing."

"Shouldn't have left my door open."

“Well -- we all leave our doors open. You didn’t know Snyder and Wells were gonna start some shit in your room.”

“Fuck. It just reminded me-” the words caught in Billy’s throat. Images flashed that were burned into his memory of his own knuckles connecting with Steve’s face -- Steve’s face that Billy didn’t even see in that moment because all he could think of was fucking Neil.

Steve’s hold on Billy tightened. His lips pressed to the base of Billy’s neck. “Of shit you did when you were an angry, abused teenager? All of that shit you already apologized for?”

Billy nodded. He’d apologized. He’d kissed the small silvery scar that ran under Steve’s hairline. He’d confessed what was happening at home -- those words didn’t come easily to Billy. They never did. He’d rather choke on his own rage than say them out loud, but they came anyway. They floated from his mouth in the middle of the night after Steve had whispered words of love to Billy.

“Yeah. All of that shit,” Billy said.

Steve stayed quiet as Billy burrowed in closer. He smelled like seasoning -- must’ve been fixing dinner when Billy called him to come to the school. His fingers slid up under the hem of the back of his shirt, tracing little patterns there.

Only then did Billy realize his hand had stopped shaking.

Steve pulled back and touched Billy’s jaw before pressing a long kiss to Billy’s lips. Billy indulged in this moment -- it was something they could never do in this building for fear of being caught. He added a little tongue just for the thrill of it, and Steve readily let Billy take their kiss from something loving and sweet to something a little hotter. By the time Billy pulled back he was half hard in his trousers and Steve was breathless. “Christ. Got me hot for teacher in here,” Steve laughed.

Billy cocked an eyebrow. “Ready to serve your detention, Harrington?”

Steve went in for another kiss. “Feed me tacos first.”

Billy kissed Steve’s neck. “You always say the sexiest things.”

Notes for the Chapter:

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Author's Note:

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